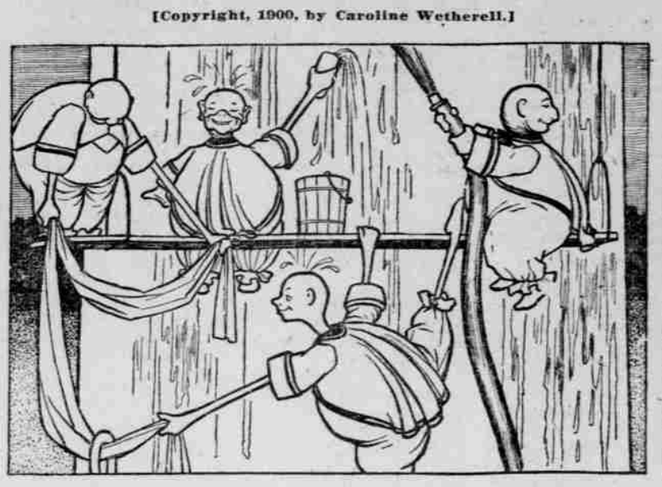
THE RUBBERNECKS CELEBRATE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

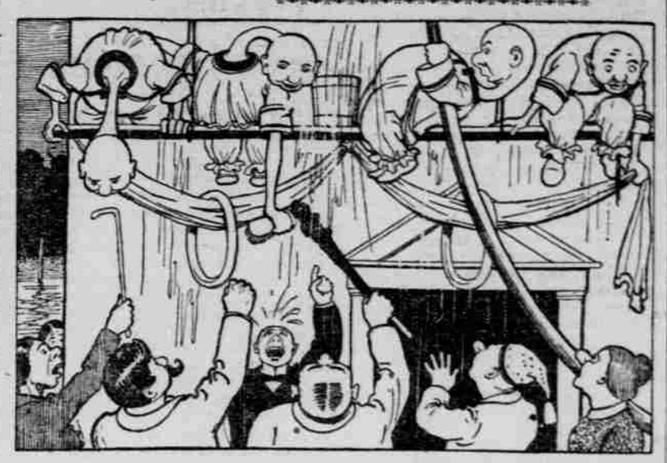
VERSE BY CAROLINE WETHERELL.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALFRED W. SCHWARTZ.

The monument of Washington, the Rubbernecks avowed,
Upon his birthday should be decked with something more than cloud.
And so they got some rubber plants and other things like these,
Such as the Rubber folks at home for decorations please.



They scaled the tower at Washington, for they were climbers stout,
And hung their rubber festoons up and set the plants about.
And then, with yards and yards of hose, they clenned the marble shaft.
The water filled the streets below—enough to float a raft.



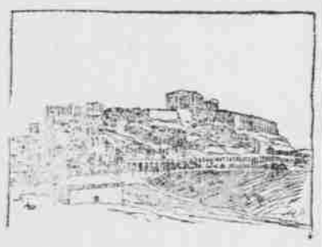
And folks in terror left their beds to stand about and stare.
"Oh, hey!" they cried. "Why drown us, sirs? Why scrub you in the air?"
The Rubbernecks looked down and said: "George never could stand dirt.
To see yon shaft when black, unscrubbed, that cleanly soul would hurt."

Bertie and Uncle Belam In Athens.

Athens, the capital of Greece, is one of the most wonderful cities in the world. Uncle Belam told Bertie that one might spend a lifetime in that city and still not have learned all about it.

The ancient country Attica, although scarcely so large as an American county, has had more influence on the thought of the world than all other countries, if one may except the little kingdom of Palestine that lies across the beautiful Mediterranean in the continent of Asia. And in these two countries it is curious to recall that it was a mountain from which their great fame was derived. In Attica it was from the Acropolis that there went forth the great gospel of beauty, while from Calvary in Judæa of Palestine emanated the gospel of eternal life.

The situation of the city is charming. Aristophanes, one of the famous old Greeks the wrote comedies in the fourth



THE ACROPOLIS.

century before Christ), called Athens the "violet wreathed city." One has but to see the town as the sun sinks slowly into the west to understand this. The atmosphere is marvelously clear and wonderfully blue, the distant hilltops seeming to stand with their heads wrapped in sapphire mists.

Although so old that its foundation is more a matter of speculation than that of the city of Rome, which was founded some time in the seventh century before Christ, Athens is now more modern looking than Rome. Bertie was amazed to find the queerly dressed Greek peasant lads selling newspapers in Athens.

One of the chief business streets is Hermes street. Uncle Belam explained to Bertie that the modern Greeks keep their traditions in mind by naming their streets, their children and even their dogs in honor of the old Greek heroes and deities. Hermes was the god of wits, of orators and of patrons of the arts. He was also known as Mercury and is represented in his statues with a winged cap and a rod entwined with writhing serpents.

Right in line with this naming of streets after the old heroes and famous men is the naming of the children in their honor. More than once in strolling about the streets the strangers were amused to hear Greek mothers calling to ragged little urchins, "Hi, Socrates!" or "Hither, Themistocles!" or, funnier yet, "Dionysius, Dionysius, come in and rock the baby's cradle!" All this was in Greek, of course, which their courier or guide, a handsome young Athenian, translated for their benefit.

Overlooking their windows in the hotel they could see the rocky Acropolis, the spot around which clusters enough glory to supply all the rest of the human race. On a nearby hill, the Arcopagus, St. Paul stood when he delivered his famous address to the Athenians. In the Bible it is called Mars' hill. The Acropolis is not more than 200 feet high and about 1,100 feet long by 500 feet wide. The first tribe of Greeks that settled in Athens leveled off the hill and made its top their home, because it was so easy to defend, on account of the steep sides which they made steeper. Later, when the Acropolis became crowded, the town was built about the foot of the hill, which in time became the real residence section of the city, the Acropolis being reserved for the temples of the gods. Athene, the goddess of wisdom, was

THE PARTHENON.

chosen by the Greeks as their special deity. The city itself was named in her honor. From this fact it will be seen that woman was then held in high honor, although in later times her position was very much degraded.

The Parthenon, which stands on the summit of the Acropolis, is the temple built under the direction of the great sculptor Phidias and beautified by his work in marble. Athena Partenos was one of the names applied to the Athenian goddess, and therefore this temple made for her worship was called the Parthenian temple or the Parthenon. The building was placed on the very highest point of the Acropolis and was built of the beautiful Pentelic marble brought from neighboring quarries. Perhaps one reason the Greeks excelled in building and in sculpture was because of this marble which was so invitingly at hand. The building consisted of the central temple, entirely surrounded by a great porch ornamented with majestic pillars reaching to the roof. These were called peristyles and were peculiarities of the Greek architecture. The columns of the Parthenon were 6 feet 2 inches in diameter at the base and 34 feet high. The temple was reached by ascending a long flight of marble steps extending entirely about the building.

The glory of the Parthenon was the statue of Athene made by the great Phidias himself. The figure was covered with ivory and was arrayed in robes of real gold. It was said to be the most beautiful statue in the world, but nothing remains of it now.

In the open air on the Acropolis, near the Propylæ, the splendid entrance of great marble columns through which those who ascended the long flights of marble steps to the Acropolis reached the temples of the gods, stood another statue of Athene, said to have been about 70 feet high, so that her spear and glittering helmet could be seen by ships far off at sea. So imposing was this statue that there is a tradition that when Alaric, the barbarous Goth, led his soldiers up to the Acropolis in search of plunder after sacking the city, they were frightened away by the majestic mien of the great figure. However, nothing remains of the statue now. But a few lonely pillars mark the place where the Propylæ once stood, while the ruined remains of the Parthenon are haunted by owls and sightseers instead of by beauty loving Greek worshipers.

Bertie wanted to leave his autograph on one of the pillars, as many others had done, but Uncle Belam promptly vetoed his plan. The bad taste of visitors to almost all places of interest in Europe was made the subject of this small sermon by Uncle Belam:

"Nobody cares about seeing a beautiful object defaced by the name of a stranger any more than your mother likes the fence disfigured by the chalk marks which thoughtless school children are sometimes naughty enough to leave upon it."

Brave Deed on Skates.

Few feats of skating have ever excelled the exploit of one of Napoleon's officers performed shortly after the fight at Jena in 1806. The emperor dispatched an officer to Marshal Mortier requiring him to seize certain important towns without delay.

When the officer arrived at the mouth of the Elbe, where the river is seven and a half miles wide, he was threatened with serious loss of time. The river was just covered with ice; therefore, to row over was out of the question. He could not cross by the nearest bridge without going 20 miles out of his way on roads heavy with snow, and he grudged the time that would be thus wasted. So he resolved to skate across the thin, freshly formed ice.

Had he tried walking he would have sunk at once; but by skimming along on his skates at the top of his speed he got over the river both dry and unharmed. By this daring, if dangerous, deed he saved six hours, did what Napoleon bade him do and won great credit for his bold and clever exploit.

A Misinterpretation.

Some time ago a lady was watching two little girls playing with their dolls and said to one of them:

"Why do you call your doll 'Early,' dear? It is such a funny name."

"Oh," said she, "I call her that because of the little girl who was so fond of it in the piece of poetry and cried, 'Call me early, mother, dear.'"

Jumbled Names of Washington's Generals.

EREEGN.	ELE.
AINMOR.	RUETSM.
EABDLK.	OLERMITU.
AEGST.	CULRSEYH.
AETALETYF.	ANWEY.

THE YOUTH OF FAMOUS FOLK.

James Russell Lowell.

James Russell Lowell, the great poet and essayist, was born at Cambridge, Mass., Feb. 22, 1819. He was the son of the Rev. Charles Lowell and the youngest of five children. His home, Elmwood, was an old colonial house on the banks of the Charles river that in Revolutionary days had been a Tory headquarters. He entered Harvard college

when only 16 years old and graduated in the class of '38. His first published poem was the class one composed while he was suspended from college for a short time owing to inattention to his studies. The poem marked the writer as a young man of genius. Studying in Harvard Law school, he was admitted to the bar in 1840. He did not practice very actively, for at that time the magazines were almost constantly favored with the work of his pen. In 1844 he married Miss Mary White, whose tastes were in accordance with his own. "The Bigelow Papers," a political satire published in the Boston Courier, 1846-8, made him famous the world over. Lowell was at different times editor of famous literary magazines, notable among which were The North American Review and The Atlantic Monthly, in which some of his best work appeared. In 1877 he was appointed by President Hayes minister to Madrid. In 1880 he was sent to the English court. An ideal minister, he was one of the most popular representatives ever sent to those courts. The universities of Cambridge and Oxford both conferred on him degrees, and many other honors, social and literary, were accorded to him while abroad. He died at Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 12, 1891.

The black jaguar of Central America will attack any man by night or day whom he finds lying down.

THE BIRDS' BREAKFAST.

The white flakes came floating downward
Till the earth was covered with snow,
And hid were the trees and bushes
And all beautiful things that grow.
Then Mr. and Mrs. Birdie,
Seeing what had come in the night,
Looked sadly at one another,
And they both exclaimed in affright:
"Oh, chee, chee, chee!
Oh, me, me, me!
Where on earth can our breakfast be?"

Then came a sweet little maiden,
Saying, "Birdies, dear, have no fears;
I've breakfast here for both of us,
And I'll share it with you, dears."
She opened her little window
And scattered the crumbs on the sill
And called to them, "Come, come, birdies,"
And the birdies answered, "We will;
For chee, chee, chee, chee,
We can plainly see
There's plenty for you and plenty for me."

—Anna Pierpont Sivins.

Colored Rivers and Seas.

Several seas and many rivers bear the names of colors. The White sea is so called from the snow and ice with which it is covered during the greater portion of the year. The Black sea takes its name from its dark and stormy waters. A tiny red plant gives its name to the Red sea, and the Yellow sea gets its name from the vast quantity of yellow mud the Yang-tse pours into it. And so we find it with the rivers. The yellow Tiber, the white Nile, the Red river (or Colorado), the Yellow river (or Hoang-ho), the many rios Negro (black) and rios Blanco (white), are called so from the color of the earthy matter they roll down to the sea. But the Orange river in South Africa, although it contains coppery matter that makes the stream unwholesome to fishes in part of its course, got its name in honor of the house of Orange. And the great river Niger that flows through west central Africa into the Atlantic is not named Niger (the Latin for black) because of its color, but because Niger is an attempt to spell its native name of N-eg-birreu, which means the river. The Black river of Algeria derives its name and color from the amount of iron and peat held in its waters, but the Black river of Masailand is quite clear, only it happens to flow over a bed of black volcanic rocks.

How Fishes Are Drowned.

Fishes, like other animals, need air. If, therefore, you can think of their being so situated that they cannot get a supply of fresh air from some source or other, they must perish. They would be suffocated. When the sea is frozen for miles, as in the Arctic ocean, the fishes find it very hard to rise to the surface for fresh air. They must then take in the oxygen which is dissolved in the water. When that gas, of such vital importance to every creature, is used up, there is nothing left to sustain life, and they must then die. Thus, strange as it may seem, it is possible for fishes to be drowned.

Even Baby Knew That.

Big sister is teaching little sister her alphabet while baby brother plays with his bricks on the floor close at hand.

Big Sister—Now think, Bessie. What comes after T?

No answer.

Baby Brother (astonished)—Why, Bessie, don't oo know? Bedtime, o' course!

We looked before us and then to left and right, and everywhere we saw the smoke of the enemy's musketry extending like fire in a field of dry grass, while the little bullets sang like a swarm of bees, cutting down our ranks and driving the survivors into a huddled mass. It is one thing to fight the foe in an open plain, where you can see his face and the chances are even; it is another thing to charge him in his chosen position, with the flag waving over you, the drum beating you on and the hot blood singing in your veins, but it is a very different thing to have him rise up from the woods and thickets all around you when you did not know of his presence and envelop you in a fire that burns and blinds you.

The torrent of the British musketry grew alike in sweep and volume. Our surprise was complete, overwhelming and terrible; we had marched into the ambush as if that were the only road in the world, and our shattered lines recoiled farther and farther. We were shouting to each other, firing random shots at the enemy whom we could not see and bending to the hail of bullets which reduced our numbers so fast. Our colonel was swearing at the men and striking some with the flat of his sword in a vain attempt to restore order, and then I saw a grayish color overspread his face. He stopped quite still for a moment, as if he had been stricken with a sudden paralysis, the sword dropped from his outstretched hand and he pitched forward on his face.

"Our colonel's killed! Our colonel's killed!" ran a wailing cry through the regiment. We loved Colonel Carruthers, and well he deserved our love. He had led us through a dozen battles, sometimes in victory and sometimes in defeat, but always he had been the same brave, patient, kindly man, watching over us like a father. When the bullet struck him down, we felt as if we had received the lead in our own bodies, and the wailing cry was followed by one great groan, coming from us all together.

But the fire that converged upon us grew hotter and hotter and deadlier and deadlier. The bushes seemed to spout death, innumerable little flashes of flame appeared among them, marking the activity of the flitting sharpshooters, and the shrill hiss of the bullets never ceased. Our numbers melted rapidly, and, although some tried to restore order and reform the ranks, they wasted both threats and appeals. We were veterans, but we had been thrown into a panic; it was not the fire of the enemy, it was the surprise, the ambush, and our routed regiment, a mob of fugitives, streamed backward, leaving behind it the trail of its dead and wounded.

"Good God, Gordon, did I think that I would ever see such a sight! And we boasted that ours was the finest regiment in the army, too!" groaned Captain Hunter to me. There were tears on his face, and he struck a fugitive across the head with the flat of his sword. But the man, paying no attention to him, ran on.

I looked back and saw the British pressing forward in a swarm, their red coats gleaming in the dazzling sunlight, and their sharpshooters showing the same deadly activity that had marked them in the beginning. But rank and file and sharpshooters alike no longer sought concealment; there was no need of it now; they saw that we were beaten, panic stricken, and they crowded upon us, pouring into us a fire that added to our confusion and the desire to run faster.

We were firing, too, but in a wild and scattered way, and I fancy that few of the bullets found a British mark. The smoke of the musketry hung over us and at times obscured our sight, but always we beheld through it the red and hostile uniforms pressing down upon us in closer and heavier columns. I knocked suddenly against some one, and then, when the smoke cleared away a little, I saw it was Captain Hunter again.

"Can't you do something? Can't you do something, Gordon?" he cried in despair. "Oh, that such a thing should happen to this of all regiments!"

He raised his sword again to strike a man, but the arm dropped back to his side, shot through by a musket ball. Yet he still shouted to them and sought to hold them back and form a line of resistance. I will confess that I had suffered from the panic terror at first when the volleys leaped from the muskets of the hidden sharpshooters in the bushes, feeling that sudden impulse to run away, to escape the bullets that were cutting us down, the animal instinct, I think, but now my pride began to take control of my feelings. I turned my face more than once toward the enemy, and I found that it emboldened me; the danger that I saw was less terrible than the danger at my back. Then I used both entreaties and threats to make the men turn, but they did not hear, or, if hearing, they did not heed. The rout went on and the smoke cloud and our disgrace alike enfolded us.

"To the hills yonder! To the hills!" shouted the men, and they looked longingly at the broken ridges that lay before us, a mile away. They knew that our main army was there, and the thought in all their breasts was of refuge behind its numbers. We reached a little brook and plunged across it in such a huddled mass that the water flew up in a shower, and then in an instant all of us were on the other side. There we paused a moment. A great man on a great white horse stood across the path.

I shall never forget the look of that man as he sat there on his horse before us, horse and man alike motionless, and the eyes of each seeming to blaze with fire, as if they were one and the same being. Every line of his large, strong features showed in the dazzling sunlight, and I remember that I noticed even then, although I had seen him many times before, how massive and powerful was the jaw and how clear and penetrating the eye. His hand, larger than the average man's, and grasping the bridle rein, lay upon his horse's neck.

It was General Washington, the commander in chief.

The horse did not move, the rider was motionless in the saddle; he merely sat there regarding us with that calm, icily cold gaze which he knew so well how to assume and which we feared more than bullets.

We recoiled as if the enemy were before us and not behind us, and for the moment we forgot the fire that had driven us on. Then he spoke:

"May I ask what this regiment is doing?" he said.

His tones were calm, icily cold, like his look, but full of scorn. We heard them distinctly amid the crackling fire from the British, although he had not seemed to raise his voice. We made no reply, merely looking at one another, each waiting for some other to speak.

"May I ask what this regiment is doing?" he repeated, but in a louder voice, and then he continued: "Is this the regiment that I commended after Princeton in the presence of the whole army for extraordinary gallantry in the face of the enemy. Is this the regiment that showed even greater bravery at Germantown?"

There was a cry in the rear of our huddled crowd. The fire of the enemy had grown hotter and had come closer. It was scorching terribly, and the regiment, by an abrupt convulsive movement, heaved forward directly toward the general. The flight was about to continue in spite of him.

But he rode suddenly toward us, his face red with wrath, and he shouted in a voice that rose far above the crash of the British musketry: "Where is your colonel? Where is Colonel Carruthers?"

"The colonel is killed. He fell early in the attack," replied some one.

"And his body—where is it? What have you done with it?" shouted the general.

"It is back yonder," I replied, "among the bushes on the hillside. He was left where he fell."

"Do you mean to say that you have abandoned your colonel's body to the enemy?" shouted the general to the whole regiment rather than to me. "Does any American regiment abandon its officers, dead or alive, in such a manner? A retreat before superior numbers can be pardoned, but not that! So great a disgrace cannot be endured! Go back and bring away your colonel's body!"

His voice was large, like everything else about him, and its tones rolled among us like thunder. The men wavered and turned fleeting glances toward the enemy. They thought of the body of our beloved colonel lying back there among the bushes and in the hands of the foe; he was not alone the colonel, but the father of the regiment, and it would be repeated by every other regiment in the army as long as any of us lived that we had abandoned him.

They still hesitated, and Captain Hunter, running among them, shouted, "For God's sake, men, turn back and bring off the colonel's body!" Then we junior officers, inspired again by his example, took up the cry, and presently the soldiers themselves began to shout it. It swelled among us like a refrain: "Save the colonel's body!"

"Come, Gordon!" shouted Captain Hunter to me. "The way is not there, but here; this road takes us to the colonel's body!" And, turning about, he ran toward the British. I followed him, and suddenly our men wheeling, too, ran upon the British vanguard, still shouting that refrain: "Save the colonel's body! Save the colonel's body!"

"WHERE IS YOUR COLONEL?"

There is something terrible in the wrath of men who have been thrown into a panic terror and then, under the influence of a sudden and great emotion, recover completely from it; they have so much to atone for that the natural courage in them burns like fire. Our turn was so quick, our rush so fierce, that the British were as much surprised as we had been. Their vanguard was crushed in an instant, swept entirely from the field, and then, giving their main force our second volley, we drove at it with the bayonet, and always above the crackle of the rifles and muskets and the clash of steel rose that somber battlecry: "Save the colonel's body! Save the colonel's body!"

We had fled a full mile, and the colonel lay somewhere near the beginning of the rout; that was our objective point now, and we rushed back upon our own path, fighting as our regiment, famous in the whole army, had never fought before, pressing heavily and more heavily upon the British and driving them before us. I think that no troops in the world could have held us back then, and, shouting our battlecry, we pressed on and on toward that fatal spot on the hillside where our beloved colonel's body lay. The smoke of the firing blew in our faces, the enemy's bullets stung us, some of the men fell, but only the dead, the wounded fighting like the unwounded, and we still drove straight for that spot among the bushes on the hillside.

The British recoiled before such a shock, and we swept on faster than ever. Then we began to climb the hillside, and the men shouted: "Here is where he fell! Here is where he fell!" But the colonel himself, pale and bloody, rose up among the bushes and said in a voice weak, but heard clearly by us: "I knew that my brave lads would come back for me! I knew that they would not leave me to the enemy! On, lads, and sweep them from the hills!"

He led us himself, wounded as he was, and we hurled ourselves directly upon the whole British army, while we heard to left and right the long, rolling fire of our own army as it pressed forward to the battle which we had been chosen to open.

* * * * * * *

That night, when the victory was won, our regiment, silent, subdued and humbled by a memory, marched past General Washington and his staff and our own colonel, who was still pale and weak, wearing a great bandage around his head.

"General," said Captain Hunter to the commander in chief, acting as our spokesman, "is it possible for the regiment to obtain forgiveness?"

The general's face was illumined by one of his rare smiles.

"Captain Hunter," he replied, "the regiment has earned its forgiveness already. It brought off its colonel, and it has the chief credit of the victory today."

Then we gave a great cheer and went to our quarters, happy once more. But I reflected as I walked along that great men find many ways to do their work.

Horses in Battle.

In the Franco-German war, 1870, at Gravelotte the German cavalry lost 200 horses and 100 men, while their artillery lost 1,300 horses and 950 men.

At Vrinville, a terribly fierce battle, the German cavalry lost 1,600 horses and 1,400 men, while their artillery lost 1,000 horses and 750 men; but at the battle of Woerth the German cavalry lost only 50 horses to 60 men. This shows that when the fighting is close and hot the men fall in greater numbers than the horses.

From the relative loss of men and horses you can tell whether it was a defeat or a victory, for in a victory the difference between men lost and horses lost would not be very great, while in a defeat and retirement the loss of horses would be immense.

In a well contested hand to hand fight of cavalry the loss of horses is about equal to the loss of men. When the British troops were engaged in the peninsular war, they lost in each of the 15 battles an average of 18 horses to 19 men, showing fierce and close fighting.

On the other hand, the loss of horses is very great when the cavalry have to go a long distance over open ground before delivering the charge, as they are exposed to the enemy's fire. At Fontenoy the French killed 87 British cavalrymen and 237 of their horses.

Bicycles in War.

The present campaign in South Africa is practically the first opportunity the military authorities have had of putting the cycle corps to a real test. As scouts and skirmishers they have proved most useful. The cyclist corps attached to the Durban light infantry recently covered a route of 90 miles in one day for the purpose of obtaining information of the Boer forces, doing no small amount of fighting on the way. The rapidity of their movement startles the enemy, who ought not to be unable to cope with the tactics a cycle corps adopts. They seem able to get away with most anything, however.

Paper Making Machines.

The year of 1799 was of peculiar importance in the annals of paper making because it was the centenary of the paper making machines. It was at the end of 1799 that a machine for making continuous paper was first set in operation at Didot's mill at Essonnes, France. It was the invention of a workman named Robert, and the invention was actively taken up by the Messrs. Fourdrinier. The first patent in England was obtained by John Gamble, Didot's brother-in-law, and it was under that patent that the machine was brought into successful operation.

EMERGENCY RATIONS.

An interesting feature in connection with the provision of supplies for the troops is to be found in the portable rations which are being sent out for them. The principal form taken by such rations is that of tins of "consolidated pea soup." Each two ounce tin, although only two inches in height and one and one-third inches across, contains all the needful ingredients for one pint of the most nutritious soup, with the addition only of that quantity of hot water, salt, pepper and all needful seasoning being included in the tin. In the absence of other provisions, the soup thus made is sufficient for a meal, or at least to keep a man going until he can obtain a more solid repast.

With his food in this consolidated form, a soldier can carry about with him rations enough to last him, if need be, for four or five days; a mule can carry 1,500 tins, a camel over 2,000, and a Cape wagon will hold about 60,000. In addition to the orders which are being executed for the government, large quantities alike of consolidated soups and of desiccated vegetables are being sent out for the canteens of various regiments, compactness being, of course, again the chief recommendation.

One of the greatest curiosities in this respect is, perhaps, a tin which, although just about the size of a man's thumb, contains all that is needed to make half a pint of worcestershire sauce on the addition of that quantity of water. In regard to the desiccated vegetables, it is a noteworthy fact that most of the large supplies which go from Great Britain to South Africa for the use of the troops are understood to come originally from the continent.

First War Correspondent.

As far as can be gathered, the first recognized war correspondent to a newspaper was a man whose name has sunk into oblivion at the siege of Antwerp in 1831. Much earlier in the century, though, there was, in an informal and unrecognized manner, a witness named Peter Pinnerty—one can make a shrewd guess at his nationality—"who, on his return from the Walcheren expedition, told the British public a good deal more about that unfortunate naval and military blunder than the British government of the day cared to have published." There was, too, some really admirable pen and ink work about the Carlist war in the London papers, notably by Frederick Hardman and C. L. Grunneisen. Mr. Grunneisen fell into the hands of the Carlists and was about to be shot when he was rescued from his impending fate by the intercession of the late Lord Ranelagh, who had taken service in the cause of Don Carlos de Bourbon.

Aerial Steamer.

The airship of Count Zeppelin, a lieutenant general in the German army, now on trial beside the Bodensee in Wurttemberg, is a veritable aerial steamer. It consists of lattice framework of aluminium 420 feet long and divided into partitions, each holding a gas bag. The whole is covered with a waterproof silk and makes a cylinder 37 feet in diameter, with spire ends like a conical bullet. A gallery and two cars of aluminium beneath add stiffness to the machine. It is housed in a floating shed on the Bodensee.